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Space Base DF-9



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Chapter 1 by Dovalord

Jameson Matheson exited the space pod. It had been a long and arduous journey, and the cyropods barely helped. But this quadrant of space, Section 30-45, was ideal for his base location. He looked back to the pod, and saw that John Henry and Mary Kelly exited the pod, observing the space around them. Jameson turned to see a large asteroid deposit sitting in the void of space. Jameson smiled.

"See that?" Jameson pointed to the deposit.

"It's absolutely massive!" Mary exclaimed.

"That's what she said." John joked. Mary punched him slightly, sending him cartwheeling.

"That's enough you two," Jameson said "We have work to do." Jameson went to the back of the pod, and retrieved the Base Seed. He waded out to the void, and held it in place.

"Mary, place walls, floor, and ceiling around this. John, build an airlock, we're running out of oxygen, and I would like to rest my feet." The three crew members began working feverishly. John was busy with the airlock just as Mary finished the first room.

"We barely have enough materials to finish the airlock, Jameson." Mary said, clearly concerned.

"What do you think the asteroid is for?" Jameson asked. John finished the airlock and waded into the front room.

"All done, cap'n," John replied, his helmet cradled in his elbow.

"Good, now, suit up in miner gear." Jameson said. "I'll be right back." "Big son of a bitch!" Jameson

ordered. John nodded and

"Orders?" Mary asked.

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"We're going to build a material refinery, it'll allow us to build more things here. We're going to build it here, and then build a room to accommodate it later."

"Aye, aye." Mary replied. Jameson placed the hologram blueprint, and they got to work, finishing it in minutes. John walked in, beads of sweat rolling down his forehead. In his arms, he held a dog-sized chunk of asteroid. Grunting with exertion, he placed the asteroid inside the refinery. The refinery processed the asteroid into materials, and Mary stored the materials into a bin.

"We're going great, lads," Jameson said, despite Mary's glare "We'll eventually build the largest base in the quadrant. It'll be the best and the most advanced, with the best research, medical capabilities, and entertainment services known to exist!" Suddenly, the ship hail alarm went off in the Base Seed.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



"God dammit, what now? Never can be easy, eh boys?" Jameson said.

"I'll check the sensors boss!" Mary announced.

"I'll prep the ship for emergency departure," said John.

"No need for that Mr. Henry" a 4th voice added. It was Lila the ship's AI. "Ship is fully operational and prepared for departure. If you had established the LiFi connection with the base core like I suggested before, I could have already discerned the source of the problem," she finished.

"Yeah, yeah. Sorry Lila, but we'll get to that after life support is finished. In the meantime, what have you got for me Mary?" Jameson asked.

"Still checking the data, but looks like we might be in for an asteroid storm. Running the algorithm now to see what we are looking at. Would be nice if we had some probes to spare." Mary added.

"It'd also be nice if I had an Almoranean whore sucking me off right now but I don't. See what you can do with just the algorithm. Get me and ETA on the arrival too. Johnny, see if you can't

get a shield. I think we have a backup on the ship." Jameson ordered.

"Yes, sir!" John said through the ship's com.

"Ugh, what else is gonna go wrong today?" Jameson grumbled.

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Chapter 3 by Dovalord



"Hail Space Base DF-9!" A relaxed voice called out over the intercom.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Jameson answered.

"We're just some dudes travelling the galaxy, but we want to settle down, ya know? You got room for two more?" The voice called. Jameson looked to Lila.

"If you were to build a room for oxygen recyclers, you should be able to house them with no issues." Lila answered.

"Mary, begin building a room for the recyclers. Make it twenty meters by twenty meters. Then, build at least 3 oxygen recyclers. With the Base Seed, that's enough for 12 people." Jameson ordered.

"Aye, Aye." Mary replied. Jameson returned his attention to the incoming ship.

"Alright guys, c'mon in. We've got meteor shower approaching, so you'd best hurry." Jameson shut off the radio, and stood in front of the airlock. Lila's voiced reached out.

"First Impact in T-Minus 30 seconds." She said calmly. The outer airlock door opened. Jameson stood still, waiting for the new guests to enter.

"T-Mines 25 seconds." Lila chimed.

"John, how are we looking out there?" Jameson called into his earpiece.

"Not too bad of a cluster-fuck. I can see the smaller ones. Your new additions were fast to enter." John replied. As he said that, the inner airlock opened, revealing two figures. The first was a man with shoulder-length beach blonde hair. The other was a woman, with short black hair, no longer than the bottom of her ear lobe.

"Sweet pad, bra." The man said. Jameson squinted slightly at him.

"Who are you?" Jameson inquired.

"T-Minus 10 seconds." Lila chimed again.

"I am a mere traveler. Some call me Dude, others call me Guy. My name is Chad. This is my friend, Lisa." Chad pointed to his friend.

"Nice to meet you. You might want to brace yourselves." Jameson replied.

"T-Minus 5,4,3,2,1." Lila counted down. An impact rocked the base, causing Jameson to grasp onto the Base Seed. Many more smaller impacts collided with the base. Within minutes, the

shower was over.

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"Telling about yourselves" Jameson asked. "I need some positions filled."

"Well, I am a very skilled" Jameson answered.

"And what about your friend?" Jameson asked. "I need some positions filled."

"Well, I am very skilled at Botany, Medicine, and Research." Lisa answered quietly.

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"Good, then you both have your jobs. Chad, you are in charge of repairs, and Lisa, you are going to be our Doctor. Mary, come in," Jameson spoke into his earpiece, "Mary, come in!" John suddenly burst into the main room, cradling a battered Mary.

"She's hurt bad, Jameson." John said hauntingly.

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A meteor lands on the base, creating a gaping hole in a hallway.

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